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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Tower Hill Encampment

Season of 1916
Opens July 1st

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For general information regarding the Encampment and School, address Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Tower Hill, Wisconsin—after June 25.

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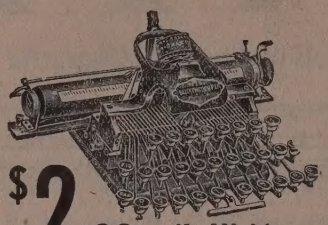

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1916. NUMBER 16.

FROM "VISION OF WAR"

But this is sure:—The future shall not be to the nation or race of most material power;
But the future shall finally be to the nation or race of most potential spiritual power.

—Lincoln Colcord.

A well known pastor of a prominent Congregational Church in the West writes us: "I was an advance subscriber for John Haynes Holmes' new book, "New Wars for Old," which came to my desk last Friday. I revel in its idealism and have been profited by its fine array of historical illustrations and closely wrought argument."

Already even in the pacific United States there is an anxiety concerning harvest hands. *The Christian Work* says: "Never has there been such a shortage of labor in the Middle West as now prevails. . . . Canada already has put in a bid for 50,000 American harvest help. And still our orators talk about "America for the Americans" and are afraid of "invasions" and are dreadfully disturbed about hyphens.

The following cablegram to Mr. Hamilton Holt, editor of the *Independent*, New York, from the Secretary of the *Nederlandsche Anti-Oorlog Raad* should be widely published in America, and it is within the power of the American newspapers to do much to precipitate the co-operation of the neutral states by persuading America to take the initiative:

The committee of the Anti-Oorlog Raad considers fact that German government says in recent note to America it twice publicly declared itself willing peace,—new cause for mediative action neutral side. Swedish second chamber officially expressed wish co-operation. Neutrals ready mediation. Anti-Oorlog Raad urged same Dutch government. Switzerland strong equal action. Recent speeches Bethmann and Asquith open possibility conciliation. Dutch committee hopes you deem possible co-operation through American peace organizations eventually. Mohonk conference urge President Wilson promote conference—neutrals to offer mediation for durable peace and international system which will secure principle of equal rights for all civilized states, as Asquith described purpose allies.

James J. Hill was no sword bearer. If he was a good marksman and an adept with the rifle the newspapers have not thought it worth while to announce the fact; but he was a brave pioneer, a nation builder, a great citizen, a man who not only organized labor but trained and educated the laborer. And Mr. Hill was an "hyphenated American," born across the line which it was his pride to minimize or ignore. The Great Northern Railroad, representing an efficient system seven thousand eight hundred miles long, crossed and recrossed the boundary lines. Canada and the United States were united by it as by a wedding ring. Mr. Hill is the type for the American youth to study. His influence and example reaches from the log schoolhouse in the clearing to the university campus. This class does not seem to care for uniforms, drill masters or enforced military service.

The Ford Peace Expedition is by no means a matter of past history, although fortunately it has fallen out of the eye of the American press, who never saw it except through the distorted vision incident to a cataract on the eyeball. But real solid results have been accomplished by the neutral congress which has been in continuous session in Stockholm, and the end is not yet. This international body under the eaves of war has found co-operation with such men as Sir Gilbert Murray of England, George Brandes, the distinguished man of letters of Copenhagen who has written a joint appeal, bills have been introduced in three neutral parliaments calling for international conference, the American office at Stockholm being the only representative of neutral governments refusing to receive the representatives of this body. The end is not yet, as may be inferred from further reports of this work found in another column.

The following from a private letter from Mr. Frederick Lynch, Secretary of the Church Peace Union, will be of interest to UNITY readers and deserves wider circulation. The Union which he serves seems to be almost the only endowed and permanently organized peace society that is willing to take a stand in this matter of military preparedness. If we understand the position of the representatives of these societies they think that it is a harmless agitation inspired by a combination of unfounded fear and selfish interests and that it will run its course and die out best by letting it alone. But Secretary Lynch, we believe, speaks for the majority of the directors of the Church Peace Union, and represents the official attitude of the society on the subject when he says:

I believe that this whole militaristic movement was an engineered thing where a lot of worldly-wise men were taking advantage of the hysteria of the people to push their ends; but that, of course, the permanent fundamental peace work was something greater, and that the churches have got to be taken as children in the whole peace movement and brought up to an interest in it by a process of steady edu-

cation, and that Preparedness is an incident in the longer and bigger peace program. Personally, I do not believe that one could ever get the churches very far if—for the sake of holding certain ones to the movement—we compromised in any way with the militaristic movement in this country. I believe this Preparedness hysteria will pass with the closing of the war and will largely die down with the passing of the presidential campaigns. I think the editor of the *Evening Post* is correct in his remark of last week that the hysteria was subsiding in the East, and that the wave was rolling toward the West, but it would roll over it as it had rolled over here.

It is very interesting to note of the many thousands who took part in the Preparedness Parade, it has been impossible to get a baker's dozen of them to volunteer for the National Guard or anything else, and you may be interested in knowing that the National Security League has had to close up its bureau because of lack of funds and lack of speakers.

The Week in Chicago—Noisy—Wet

Last week in Chicago was eventful. The rain came down on the just and on the unjust without partiality and without interruption, but the rain did not seem to interfere with the noise making power of the politicians or the persistent determination of the women. Had the day been fine the women on Wednesday of last week probably would have rivaled the more experienced and wealthier brothers who managed to "pull off" the great "Preparedness Parade" on the previous Saturday. But no sunshine and no parade of white dresses, straw hats and yellow banners could have made so profound an impression upon the thoughtful and the doubtful as did the sight of 5,000 women, only partly umbrellaed, walking blithely through the flooded streets, literally wading through the water, with a marching step that bespoke social preparedness for other than military purposes. They marched to a warfare nobler than that of bayonets and swords.

Look at it in any light you may and it was an inclusive program. Arizona and Pennsylvania, Kansas and Minnesota were in the ranks. Rich and poor were there, mistress and maid, black and white. We noted one of the best known of "club ladies," in waterproof and galoshes, seeking her place undaunted in the procession. Only a few rods behind her we saw a colored woman without umbrella or rubbers, in a sadly bedraggled white dress, seeking her place in the same peaceful army. That parade in the rain was a great contribution to the suffrage movement.

During the busy hour of this woman muster the Auditorium was made a pandemonium by a lot of grown-up men from all parts of the country, who kept shouting for an hour and thirty-three minutes: "We-want-Teddy! We-want-Teddy! We-want-Teddy!" A percentage of these men easily yielded to the intoxication of the mob and became victims of an emotional frenzy, readily explainable by the psychologist. We must believe that the largest number of these men kept their heads, while they reduced their shouting to a system. They conserved their strength as athletes know how, for the purpose of scaring the more stately body of Republican delegates then in session at the Coliseum. When they had "broken the record" and had outwinded all previous conventions in cheering, they rested on their triumphs, caught their breath and awaited the result, which as the nation now knows was disappointing to them.

It is not UNITY's province to deal in news, but it is quite within the habit and purpose of UNITY to say that the results of the week brought many humiliations to the true patriot.

But the nomination of Judge Hughes was a triumph for the man, whatever it may mean to party and to measures. It will long be remembered that here was a man who delivered no speeches and made no promises, abated not one whit of his industry on the high professional lines that belong to him, who overlaid the subtle plottings, the violent shouting, the costly campaignings of nearly a score of competitors, the most noisy and vehement of which was dropped into the deepest humiliation.

Our sympathy goes out to the sincere element in the Progressive Party. Four years ago they ventured forth on a high quest. They were cheered by the endorsement of the noble men and women in this nation who were weary of "boss" rule, who were ashamed of our Civil Service corruption, who were alive to the fact that the prevailing tendency in legislation was in the interest of "big business," more concerned with dollars than with human lives. But because the movement then took to its breast the serpent of militarism and turned a deaf ear to the cry of a large number of wronged citizens of the colored race, the movement was spoiled and the high ideals four years later were largely overlooked and curiously betrayed at the Auditorium last week.

This nation will survive Chicago's inanities and insanities and has vitality enough left to override whatever humiliation there may be in store for us in St. Louis, and the larger second sense of growing rationalism, which we believe is also a growing piety, and which in national affairs spells "pacifism," will bear the nation forward as it leads the way into internationalism.

A Correction

A learned friend, vigilant for the honor of Italy, would correct a mis-statement in my sermon published in UNITY under date of June 8, that ascribes to Dante a Teuton father. I do not know the source of my misinformation, or the history of the mistake, as doubtless my friend is right. But the humiliation of being caught in an error is more than compensated for in the pride of knowing the sermon was read.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

THE PULPIT

"Above All Nations Is God"
—Prime Minister of Holland

Theism Brought Down to Date

III.

"The Hound of Heaven"

God in Hell.

A Sermon Preached May 21, 1916, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Help us to find thee, Father, in the gracious and benignant order of nature, the bountiful sunshine, the creative rain, the unbroken and unfailing message of the seasons. And none the less, O Father, help us to find Thee in the ungraciousness of providence, as interpreted by our halting minds and our inadequate experiences. Help us to find Thee in the woes as well as in the joys of life, in the agonies as well as in the ecstasies of soul. Father, reveal Thyself to us in the lashings of the spirit, the tortures of conscience, the hunger of the human heart, so that through our very waywardness we may be brought to Thee. Amen.

"If I make my bed in Hell, lo, thou art there."

Primitive man had a much weaker hold on God than he had upon the Devil. There is reason to suppose that the earliest worship was conciliation of the evil power. Should there, perchance, be a benign divinity, he might be taken for granted, for he would work no mischief anyhow. But the every-day experiences of the soul seemed to prove the existence of a malignant force ever at work, one that it behooved man to conciliate, placate, and, if possible, avoid or escape. The theology of the past has seemed to contain more of the Devil than of God.

One of the later contributors to the Celtic school of poetry is James Stevens. In his "Rocky Road to Dublin" he shows how deeply imbedded is the thought of the Devil in the Celtic imagination. In the "Devil's Bag" he says:

I saw the Devil walking down the lane
Behind our house.—There was a heavy bag
Strapped tightly on his shoulders, and the rain
Sizzled when it hit him. He picked a rag
Up from the ground and put it in his sack,
And grinned and rubbed his hands.
There was a thing
Moving inside the bag upon his back—
It must have been a soul! I saw it fling
And twist about inside, and not a hole
Or cranny for escape! Oh, it was sad!
I cried, and shouted out, "Let out that soul!"
But he turned round, and, sure, his face went mad,
And twisted up and down, and he said, "Hell!"
And ran away. . . . Oh, mammy!
I'm not well.

This Irish poet is somehow related theologically to the Methodist ministers now in session at Saratoga Springs, who say they cannot afford to dispense with the Devil in their ritual when they christen the baby.

Of course this theology of the Devil is traceable indirectly to the Bible, but it is still more directly related to Milton, who, for poetic purposes, crowned Satan as arch rebel with regal powers and made him a magnificent king over the realms of woe, his by right of conquest. Milton's Devil is a fair, square rebel chief, who won out and succeeded in establishing his primacy over a large section of what was once the unbroken territory of the Divine Creator. But Milton did but refine and in the refinement weaken the reign and sway of Beelzebub, ruler of the infernal realm so graphically conceived by the great mediaeval poet, Dante.

There is a reality back of all this. The position of the Methodist ministers at Saratoga Springs, as reported by the papers, is justified by the experience that lies back of this great realm of poetry, which in due time crystalized into dogma. Said one Methodist minister at this conference: "I have had too much personal experience with the Devil to be able to dismiss him for sentimental reasons." So have all of us, if we have entered into the heart-wringing experiences of human life as interpreted by the lurid atrocities of the creeds.

Paradise may remain an unverified hope. The finest conception of it staggers if it does not cloy the human imagination. One even wearies of the angels of Dante, and the celestial rose in his "Paradiso" grows somewhat tedious if we are frank enough to confess it.

Purgatory is easily resolved into a parable. Dante carves the messages of Purgatory on the terraces with symbols of agony, pictures of woe. But there is no escaping Hell. Its geography and chronology may be matters of dispute, but its fundamental reality is a matter testified to in the confessions of the race and in the experiences of us all. There may be no Hell after death, but we are certain sure that there is a Hell before Death, because we have all been there more or less. We may hope that eternity will eliminate what time unquestionably substantiates. The only debatable theological question about Hell is respecting the character of its presiding genius.

Inasmuch as the Hell of current theology is the creation of the poets, whose business it is to interpret human experience, though they have usually been dogmatic mystics, so the modification of the doctrine of Hell seems to have been assumed by the modern poet as his peculiar task.

One of the unquestioned triumphs of modern poetry is Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," which the Bishop of London pronounced "one of the most tremendous poems ever written." In this strangely appealing poem the soul is described as fleeing a mystical creature, ever pursuing, pursuing, pursuing in an "unhurrying chase." The soul, in weird reminiscence, tells of its flight from this pursuit:

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong feet that followed, followed after.

And still this pursuing demon followed, and a voice "more instant than the feet" exclaimed, *"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."* The soul, "sore adread," sought in vain some "casement, curtained red," some trellises "with intertwining charities" to screen itself.

Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports of the moon.
* * * * *
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.

But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;

* * * * *

Still, with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

Yielding the race, despairing of its ability to escape by flight, the soul seeks shelter behind the face of man or maid, or within little children's eyes, and something seemed to say:

They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.

Disappointed here, once more it turns pleadingly to the other children of nature,—the delicate fellowship of the "wind-walled palace."

I drew the bolt of nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies;
I knew how the clouds arise,
Spumed of the wild sea-snortings;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with; made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
With them joyed and was bereaven.

* * * * *

I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.
For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound *I* speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.

No, Nature, "poor stepdame," had naught to slake the drought with from "the breasts o' her tenderness." There was no "milk to satisfy the thirsting mouth."

Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
And past those noisèd Feet
A voice comes yet more fleet—
"Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

At last, with his harness broken piece by piece, smitten to his knees, naked he waited the uplifted stroke. He cried:

I am defenceless utterly.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-stars on a stream.

* * * * *

Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
Such is; what is to be?

* * * * *

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity:
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again.

But now, in this collapse of pride and hope, defiant strength and futile intelligence, wrapped with "glooming robes" and cypress crowned, he began to read the name and to understand "what the trumpet saith." The Voice, like that of a "bursting sea," declared once more:

And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me?
Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I make much of naught (He said)
And human love needs human meriting.
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?

All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in my arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come.

The overtaken footfall halts beside the soul, and the dreaded gloom, after all, proves only to be

"Shade of his hand, outstretched caressingly."

The outcome of the mystic race is given in the concluding words of the dreaded pursuer:

Ah! fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekst!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.

So much for an abstract of the marvelous poem written by a man whose broken life suggests to all critics a comradeship with Shelley himself. The lesson, obviously, is in the title. The pursuing Hound is from God and not from the Devil. The chase was indeed through Hell and in Hell and of Hell, if you like, but that Hell was the domain of God and not of the Devil. The theme is a modern elaboration of the old Hebrew text:

If I ascend into heaven
Thou art there;
If I make my bed in hell,
Behold, thou art there.

This poem is marvelously interpretative of the life of the poet, Francis Thompson. He was born in 1859 of neo-Catholic parents, who arbitrarily and strenuously designed him for a physician's career. But when he found the world filled by a spirit that made him turn away from the study of the laboratory and bury himself in the pleasures of the library, the hard, indignant and disappointed parents disowned him. The lad turned penniless to face the world. He tramped afoot from his English home to London, seeking a career. He well-nigh fainted and fell by the wayside from starvation. Then followed seven or eight painful years of poverty, disgrace and dissipation, pursued by a passion for drink and perhaps something worse in the way of opiates, sometimes rescued by benignant hands from loathsome companionship, peddling pencils on the streets. He was dead at forty-eight. He died of tuberculosis, in the benignant home of the Meynells, who became a providence to him. He has left us this rich bequest of poetry, thrown out of a turbulent and restless life in four or five years, and we are just beginning to discover that these poems are combined with

a rare, rich prose bequest which came straggling through his invalid years And all this time he was pursued by the Hound of Heaven and not of Hell, and the soul apprehended what the reason might not explain.

Inasmuch as the Hell and the Devil of current theology have been largely the creation of the poets, let us stay with the poets and see how diligently and successfully they are today unmasking the dogmas based on the conceptions of the major poets of history, resolving again the creeds into the vernacular of human experience, into the necessities of human life.

Hell remains in human experience, the lashes of pain and the blushes of shame still persist, and all the way from neuralgia to suicide, from dyspepsia to dissipation, from broken nerves to broken souls and homes, from broken men to blighted nations, the pursuing Hound of Heaven follows with his unrelenting feet.

John Masefield represents the other pole of poetic method. As Francis Thompson is mystic, so John Masefield is realistic, but he has given us another great classic of the spirit in "The Everlasting Mercy." He, from a knowledge that must have been obtained from within, describes Hell as only he who has been there could or would. He has vividly interpreted the brutal experiences of the prize ring, the dissipations of the tippling room, the inspirations of lust and greed. Under another name and with less poetic conception, through this poem of many pages we hear the fall of the feet of the Hound of Heaven, ever pursuing, ever pursuing. But here, instead of by the high language of disembodied souls, the hero of the poem is overtaken by the sharp tongue of an over-worked woman, who speaks for the Hound of Heaven:

Summat she was, or looked, or said,
Went home and made me hang my head.
I slunk away into the night,
Knowing deep down that she was right.
I'd often heard religious ranters,
And put them down as windy canters,
But this old mother made me see
The harm I done by being me.
Being both strong and given to sin
I 'tracted weaker vessels in,
So back to bar to get more drink,
I didn't dare begin to think.

But back to his drink he was forced to think

What's come to me tonight?

The music seemed to come and go when there came the visit of the missionary of the Friend persuasion.

Miss Bourne, the Friend, went round at ten
To all the pubs in all the place,
To bring the drunkards' souls to grace;
Some sulked, of course, and some were stirred,
But none gave her a dirty word.
A tall, pale woman, grey and bent,
Folk said of her that she was sent.
She wore Friends' clothes, and women smiled,
But she'd a heart just like a child.

And she met the drunken impudence with:

"Saul Kane," she said, "when next you drink,
Do me the gentleness to think
That every drop of drink accursed
Makes Christ within you die of thirst,
That every dirty word you say
Is one more flint upon His way,
Another thorn about His head,
Another mock by where He tread,
Another nail, another cross.
All that you are is that Christ's loss."

I know the very words I said,
They bayed like bloodhounds in my head.
"The waters going out to sea
And there's a great moon calling me;
But there's a great sun calls the moon,
And all God's bells will carol soon
For joy and glory and delight
Of someone coming home tonight."

* * * *

I did not think, I did not strive,
The deep peace burnt my me alive;
The bolted door had broken in,
I knew that I had done with sin.
I knew that Christ had given me birth.
To brother all the souls on earth,
And every bird and every beast
Should share the crumbs broke at the feast.

* * * *

O glory of the lighted mind.
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind.
The station brook, to my new eyes,
Was babbling out of Paradise,
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing Christ has risen again.
I thought all earthly creatures knelt
From rapture of the joy I felt.

And out of the mist of that night he passed into the light He saw

All earthly things that blessèd morning
Were everlasting joy and warning.

* * * *

The mist was error and damnation,
The lane the road unto salvation.
Out of the mist into the light,
O blessèd gift of inner sight.

This wandering soul came back to nature, back to toil, back to the serenity of the universe that led him, first to surrender to, then to travel with, not the Hound of Hell, but the Hound of Heaven. He had been persecuted, not by the Devil, but by the Everlasting Mercy. And the poor besotted wanderer, the brutalized, dissipated man, the man who had tried to hide his alien head behind the coarseness of the prize ring, the gambling house and the place of drink and shame, came to sing his little canticle of praise and submission:

O lovely lily clean,
O lily springing green,
O lily bursting white,
Dear lily of delight,
Spring in my heart again
That I may flower to men.

Perhaps the story of John Masefield, like that of our other poet, is the best interpretation of this, his masterpiece, "The Everlasting Mercy." Several years a tar before the mast, then a bartender in New York City, John Masefield wandered up and down the world, seeking his destiny and missing his peace.

But here is the point I wish to make. These poets are true to human experience. When they get down to the deep experiences of life they must dethrone the Devil, and enthrone the Everlasting Mercy. They must reduce the dogmas of the theologians and resolve their creeds back to the poets whence the creeds and dogmas sprang. The human experiences have been misinterpreted because crystallized into cast iron prose from what had been flowing rivers of poetry.

Once more let us go to the poets. It is encouraging to find that through all the gloom and wretchedness of war, the cowardice of business and of panic stricken legislators, the heavenly group of poets seems to be increasing. From the uplands of the spirit rare

notes are heard today chanting the gospel universal, phrasing the message of humanity, belittling and denying the power of battleships, ignoring the passing potency of armies.

One of our latest poets is Vachel Lindsay, one of Illinois' own, and his latest triumph is entitled "General William Booth Enters into Heaven." He describes General Booth as leading a heavenly procession, now by the beat of the bass drum and anon by the rattle of banjo and tambourine. The procession seems to be made up largely of

Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!
Gone was the weasel-head, the snout, the jowl!
Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires and of forests green!

The hosts were sandalled, and their wings were fire!
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
But their noise played havoc with the angel choir.
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

O, shout Salvation! It was good to see
Kings and Princes by the Lamb set free.
The banjos rattled and the tambourines
Jing-jing-jingled in the hands of Queens.

At last, at the Courts of Heaven, the instruments grew silent.

And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer
He saw his Master thro' the flag-filled air.
Christ came gently with a robe and crown
For Booth the soldier, while the throng knelt down.
He saw King Jesus. They were face to face,
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

This is poetry and consequently life, not dogma or the tyranny of creed. The same poet, in the same volume, greets this same "Hound of Heaven," in the mystic lover of India:

Would that by Hindu magic we became
Dark monks of jeweled India long ago,
Sitting at Prince Siddartha's feet to know
The foolishness of gold and love and station,
The gospel of the Great Renunciation,
The ragged cloak, the staff, the rain and sun,
The beggar's life, with far Nirvana gleaming:
Lord, make us Buddhas, dreaming.

Still in the line of these messengers of Heaven, these Hounds of God, not of the Devil, in a Lincoln poem, our poet says:

Would I might rouse the Lincoln in you all,
That which is gendered in the wilderness
From lonely prairies and God's tenderness.
Imperial soul, star of a weedy stream,
Born where the ghosts of buffaloes still dream,
Whose spirit hoof-beats storm above his grave,
Above that breast of earth and prairie-fire—
Fire that freed the slave.

Now, let us sum up the whole matter, for I have been summoning greater preachers than myself to this pulpit. I have called in my high colleagues, Francis Thompson, John Masefield and Vachel Lindsay. The sum of it all is, the soul cannot be freed from the pursuing Hound of Heaven, though it may try to hide behind human loves or Nature's beauties. The final revelation is that this pursuing hound is not of the Devil but of God, and this is the ever-old and ever-new doctrine of the Psalmist:

If I ascend up into Heaven
Thou art there;
If I make my bed in Sheol,
Behold, thou art there.

If there is any Devil left, there is no place for him in Hell, for that throne is occupied by another. It is Infinite Love that pursues the soul, wields the whips of conscience, kindles the flames of shame, and causes the debilities that follow sin and the stolidity that is the price of selfishness.

This redeeming love pursues nations as individuals. No "kicking against the pricks" can thwart the Eternal Will that compels nations as individuals to yield their lives to the law of love and to surrender their strengths and their anxieties to the Everlasting Mercy, against which no battleships can prevail and from which no armament can protect. The soul of a nation as well as the soul of an individual is doomed to defeat in all the campaignings that seek to escape the demands of the Hound of Heaven. Congresses, as well as sinning souls, must heed the voice of this Hound of Heaven, who says:

Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.

* * * * *

Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me.

* * * *

Rise, clasp my hand and come!

* * * *

I am He whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.

O Thou Everlasting Mercy, who dost envelope us with the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, help us to come nearer and still nearer to Thee. Amen.

Peace Day in Neutral Countries

A cablegram has been received from Frederick H. Holt of Detroit, who is in Stockholm as the representative of Mr. Henry Ford, in charge of business administrations of the Neutral Conference for Continuous Mediation, in which he says that the twentieth anniversary of the first Hague Conference was celebrated throughout the European neutral countries a few days ago. It was observed in Norway by 1,500 societies and organizations, at each of which *resolutions were passed urging the governments to call an official neutral conference at once.* Nine huge mass meetings were held in different important sections of Norway; eleven in Holland; seven in Switzerland; eleven in Denmark. It was necessary to provide for overflow meetings in Sweden. Stockholm, where the Neutral Conference holds its sessions, celebrated the day with great earnestness and enthusiasm.

The narcissus peace flower was sold throughout the principal Scandinavian countries from automobiles, and was worn generally on "Peace Day." The big peace organizations of the neutral countries, including the anti-Oorlog Raad, are reported to be co-operating fully with the Neutral Conference. *The organization in Europe has received extreme courtesy from European governments, including the belligerent powers.*

Our duty is not only to keep the peace, but to make a peace that is worth keeping. For the kind of peace that the world needs cannot be had for the asking. It comes high, but it is worth the price.—*Samuel McChord Crothers.*

The Meaning of Tuskegee

Although his eventful life presents an attractive field for the biographer, it is not my purpose, in these articles, to write a personal history of the remarkable man whose recent death *The Outlook* justly called "A National Calamity"; but it is rather my purpose to give a glimpse of his wonderful character through a brief study of the famous school he founded. My subject, therefore, is "The Meaning of Tuskegee," and when I speak of the educational ideas and achievements of Tuskegee, we are to think of its creator, for in the largest possible sense Tuskegee is the creation of one master mind.

At different times it has been my good fortune to visit Tuskegee. My enthusiasm for the "Tuskegee Idea" is such that I should like to give a full and clear picture of this great training school for life. But Tuskegee in organization, in operation, in influence is so varied and extended that it is impossible to comprehend it, in its fullness, without long and serious study. I shall try to explain the fundamental idea of education held and practiced at Tuskegee, and the manner of its application. And thus I think the reason for the rise of this school within a quarter of a century to world-wide prominence and influence will become apparent. I shall try to interpret, somewhat, the meaning of the Tuskegee movement—the immortal achievement of Booker T. Washington.

Born a slave, by dint of his genius he rose to a position of influence and usefulness second to no man of his time. Like Lincoln, he sprang from common soil, and like Lincoln he met in life a great opportunity; like Lincoln, he was prepared when the opportunity came; and again like Lincoln, he rose to sublime heights in the service of his fellowman—a benefactor of both the black and the white race.

While Tuskegee Institute must ever remain Booker T. Washington's greatest monument, he achieved distinction in other lines of human endeavor. As an orator he had few equals, and as an author his books alone would have brought him fame. His principal publications are his autobiography, "Up From Slavery," "Working with the Hands," "The Man Farthest Down," "The Story of the Negro" and "Character Building." All of his writings are characterized by a high and definite purpose, by sane judgment, good taste and pure English. For every word he uses he gives the reader an idea. Of the many excellent books written for the guidance of young people in good morals, good manners, good habits and good sense, I know none equal in practical wisdom to his "Character Building." Here are a few extracts taken from the chapter on Education which will illustrate the stimulating common sense of this admirable volume of plain talks to Tuskegee students:

"Education is meant to give us an idea of truth. Unless you get the idea of truth so pure that you cannot be false in anything, your education is a failure." "Education is meant to make us just in our dealings with our fellowmen. . . . to make us absolutely honest . . . to make us give satisfaction and to get satisfaction out of giving." "The educated man is the one who knows where to look for information upon any subject upon which at any time he may need information." "Learn to think. If you cannot think you will be of no use to yourself or anybody else." "Teach by word and action simple, right and honest living." "In a word education is meant to give us that culture, that refinement, that taste which will make us deal truthfully with our fellowmen, and will make us see what is beautiful, elevating and inspiring in everything God has created."

"Up From Slavery" and "Character Building" are two books that should be in every library, and young people as well as old should be encouraged to read them.

Dr. Washington tells us in his autobiography that in literature Lincoln was his patron saint. Doubtless his own simple and forceful English was greatly influenced by his careful study of the great emancipator's writings.

Harvard University bestowed upon him the degree of Master of Arts, and Dartmouth College honored him with the degree of Doctor of Laws. In his visits to foreign countries Dr. Washington was received with such distinguished attention and honors as are accorded to but few men. The fame of the man had preceded him, and without racial prejudice and with great enthusiasm he was received at his true value, and honored accordingly.

Dr. Washington, in addition to his other high qualities, was the possessor of a very keen and capable business brain. To illustrate this it is related that some years ago Andrew Carnegie sent him a check for a comparatively small sum to use in his educational work. Upon receipt of this check Dr. Washington reasoned thus: "Mr. Carnegie is not fully aware of the work Tuskegee is doing—else he would have given us a greater sum—which we very much need. If it goes out to the world that the amount of this check is Mr. Carnegie's measure of Tuskegee it will influence others to belittle our work and to limit their aid to small amounts." But what was to be done? After careful consideration Dr. Washington returned the check to Mr. Carnegie with a frank statement for so doing. He took the risk. Mr. Carnegie afterwards made a personal investigation of the work done at Tuskegee, and has since given more than half a million dollars to the institute, and placed at interest a large sum for the support of Dr. Washington and his family—"so that," as Mr. Carnegie explained, "in carrying on his great educational work Dr. Washington might always be free from financial care and anxiety of a personal character."

When the slaves were freed in 1865 a nameless negro boy about six years old went to work in a coal mine in West Virginia to support his mother and himself. The story is told that the child was so fond of books that he was called a "booker"—hence his first name. When after many cruel disappointments and denials he was allowed to go to school, he was asked by his teacher for a last name as well as for a first name, and, as he afterward said, he chose a good one, "Washington." Thus starting in life without a name he made one for himself which will never die.

With an unquenchable thirst for knowledge he began while working in the mine to study such books as he could find. One day hearing two miners speak of Hampton Institute, he started at once, walked five hundred miles, and after untold hardships that would have utterly crushed one of ordinary mould, he was finally admitted to the classes of this great school.

He did all manner of chores for a meager living, and finally got the rudiments of an education, became a teacher at Hampton, and while there was selected by General Armstrong to take charge of what was to be a normal school for colored people in the little town of Tuskegee, Alabama.

W. J. Button.

Journal of Education, April 13, 1916.

Sermon On Humanity

"What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times?" Numbers xxii:28.

This, according to the ancient record, is a protest against ill-treatment uttered by a faithful beast that had carried her master wherever he wished to go and had uncomplainingly borne whatever burden had been put upon her back.

I shall not stop to discuss the miraculous aspect of the incident, except to repeat what an interpreter has said, "Supposing the miracle to have really occurred, it must always be observed that the words put into the mouth of the beast do nothing more than express such feelings as a docile and intelligent animal of her kind would have actually felt."

"That domestic animals, and especially such as have been long in the service of man, feel surprise, indignation and grief in the presence of injustice and ill-treatment is abundantly certain.

"In many well-authenticated cases they have done things in order to express these feelings which seemed as much beyond their irrational natures as if they had spoken."

For ages, my friends, the animal world has endured the tortures of goad and whip and kick, the agony of neglect, and the gnawings of hunger without uttered protests.

I am glad there is a tradition that for once at least God gave them articulate speech: "What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times?"

We may regard this as the repeated cry of the animal world in view of man's cruelty, repeated in every age, and sounding very distinctly today in the ears of humanity.

Let us ask what God's dumb creatures have done for man. First, they have transported him from place to place.

I wonder if we realize how dependent the human race has been upon the horse in the western world, and upon the camel in the eastern world, for travel, how impossible it would have been to get from one distant locality to another and how hard it would have been to make even the little journeys required of us, without their help.

Until recently the horse was almost the only carrier upon which the men in the western world depended.

They rode upon his back; they harnessed him to their carriages; they utilized his strength and fleetness in a hundred different ways. Formerly, the horse was accustomed to do for people what steam and electricity and gasoline now do. And he is still a very obedient and useful servant.

He carries our produce; he plows our fields; he takes us into the country for fresh air; in fact, he does whatever we require him to do.

What is said of the horse as to usefulness may be said of other animals. The cattle and sheep upon a thousand hills furnish us meat and milk and wool. Man's health and happiness depend largely upon the dumb animals.

Again, the animals are often man's inseparable associates. Take, as an illustration, the companionable dog.

As one has said, "Look at him as he lies at your feet, while you read your evening paper. He watches every motion with those steadfast, beautiful eyes.

"He is on the alert for any order you may give, sensitive to your slightest movement. You may go away and leave him; he waits patiently for your return.

"A long separation breaks his heart. He even refuses food, and is restless and unhappy until your face smiles down on him again. And when you meet once more, with what unchecked enthusiasm, what frank delight he greets you. Evil fortunes may suddenly befall you; you may even be in disgrace with the rest of the world, but your dog still loves, still trusts, still abides in friendship as firm as the everlasting hills."

Again, we find in these dumb creatures many of the most commendable traits for our imitation. How frank and open-faced is the great obedient ox!

I do not wonder that Daniel Webster, when on his dying bed, asked to have his beautiful pair of oxen driven round before his window that he might have a farewell look into their frank and friendly faces. Their splendid traits had won his affection; he was wonderfully attached to them.

What superb patience and obedience and trust find expression in the animals that serve us!

Well might Balaam's beast cry out, "What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times?"

And well may the lower orders today cry out, "What have we done that we should be whipped, and over-worked, and underfed, and poorly groomed and unmercifully abused?"

We haven't robbed you; we haven't hated you; we haven't sought to do you harm. On the other hand, we have trusted you; we have obeyed you; we have served you to the best of our ability.

I pass to observe, in the second place, what cruelty to dumb animals applies, first, to the animals themselves.

It implies intense suffering. They are helpless victims. They cannot defend themselves. They cannot combine for protection.

God gave man mastery over them. As the Psalmist wrote, "Thou madest man to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet, all sheep and oxen, and the beasts of the field."

But that doesn't mean that man has any right to ill-treat the dumb creatures over which he is lord.

His lordship means protection and proper use, not cruelty and abuse. It is cowardly to take advantage of the helpless. Might does not make right. Superiority is no excuse for wrong-doing. Balaam's beast was in his power. She could not smite back. She must meekly take the blows of his wrath.

And today the poor horse whose tail is docked, whose mouth is tortured by check, whose flesh is

ridged with the whip, whose strength is exhausted with overwork, has no redress.

He has to bear his owner's cruelty as best he may. He can't even answer back, for he is dumb.

Think what an obedient but helpless animal is often forced to endure at the hands of an angry driver, what blows and curses and kicks he has to take in silence!

We have all seen instances of that sort of cruelty when we felt that the poor beast was far superior to his enraged tormentor, and ought to have the privilege of returning blow for blow and kick for kick.

Take another sort of cruelty practiced upon the dumb creatures. I have read the following in regard to the white plumes that adorn the hats of women: "These white plumes were torn from the backs of herons. The feathers were natural once; they are artificial now.

"The supply is gathered when the breeding season is well advanced, the young are fully fledged, but not able to fly. The mother seeks food for her young, and returning, is shot by the waiting hunter, the tuft torn from its place and the motherless young left to starve.

"One hunter kills a hundred in a day, and with fifty or sixty hunters at work the air is tremulous with the cries of the helpless fledglings.

"The white heron is almost exterminated in southern Florida and milliners' agents are seeking new fields.

"Yonder is a stuffed bird that came from Italy. The innocent victim was caught, blinded with a hot iron, caged, put in a tree, the branches of the tree slimed, the pitiful cry of the blind bird called sympathizing associates. They were caught in the slime, captured by the hunters, robbed of life, and the skin stuffed for millinery. Italy sits well nigh songless today, because of this business."

The very sufferings of the dumb animals cry out for sympathy and redress.

Do you wonder that humane societies have been organized for their protection? Do you wonder that men and women have said that these wrongs must be righted?

They have tried to put themseelves in the place of the sufferers and give voice to their demands.

> "I am the voice of the voiceless,
> Through me the dumb shall speak,
> Till the deaf world's ear be made to hear
> The wrongs of the wordless weak.
> I am my brother's keeper,
> And I will fight his fight,
> And speak the word for beast and bird,
> Till the world shall set things right."

Christianity, friends, takes notice of these sufferings, and requires its adherents to be as merciful as the Divine Master whom they profess to follow.

As one has well said, "Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the woes of the brute creation?"

Was it not appropriate that he should, during the first few days and nights of his life on earth, be surrounded by dumb beasts whose moan and plaint have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures, and the righting of their wrongs?

It was not merely an "accident" that the unintelligent creatures should have been that night in close neighborhood.

Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a robbed bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on the city's street, not a herd freezing in the poorly built cow-pen, not a freight car in summer time bringing cattle to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, but has interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable, surrounded by dumb animals.

Again, what does cruelty to animals imply as to those who practice it? Sometimes it implies dense ignorance.

The owner of a horse thinks there is economy in a starvation diet; but he is mistaken. The physical efficiency of an animal depends upon its food and care.

Something can never come of nothing. The source of strength is in vitality; and the source of vitality is in food. Neglect a creature, and you lessen its value. Ill-treat him, and you take just so much out of him. Every useless kick and blow rob him of efficiency.

Abuse is the worst enemy of economy. Unkind treatment in a family never develops better children. Pupils cannot be whipped into good behavior. Tyranny does not make the best sort of citizens.

Russian oppression of the peasants in the end brings disaster to the country.

The same law holds in the animal world. Cruelty does infinite harm. Short-sighted people do not see it; ignorant people make light of it; selfish people deride it; but the wiser people are, the more careful are they to see that humane conduct shall be everywhere inculcated.

This leads to the statement that cruelty to animals implies a hard heart. Nero, the Roman emperor who exulted in the burning of the imperial city and specially delighted in the flames that consumed the Christians, as a boy is said to have found delight in the tortures which he inflicted upon flies and insects.

Neglected and starved cattle are positive proof of wicked owners. Ill-treatment of household pets in childhood leads to rough conduct in manhood and womanhood.

Humboldt, who as you know, was a wise and careful observer, said that cruelty to animals is a characteristic of vulgar people. Torture and murder have a close kinship. During recent years humane treatment of the lower orders of life has been taught in many schools, not only for the sake of the animals, but also to raise the tone of morals on the part of the pupils.

A Syracuse teacher said that nothing ever helped him so much to manage rough boys as teaching kindness to animals. We are told that in two large cities depraved districts have been civilized by these methods.

A San Francisco newspaper has this statement, "Today the Jefferson School is one of the most orderly in all the city. The children don't fight as they used to; they don't stone cats, or tie tin pails to the tails of dogs, or molest the sons of the Flowery Kingdom.

"And why? Because every child in that school, as soon as he is old enough to write his name, is made a member of the army for the prevention of all the old evils, and no blue-frocked guardian of the peace ever could have done a tithe of the good that those children have accomplished.

"For four years the principal has been organizing

the pupils of all the various classes into Bands of Mercy, and now every child seems proud of his enrollment."

It is said that Gen. Robert Lee, that splendid leader of the Confederate forces, turned aside at a very important moment during the battle of Gettysburg to rebuke an officer for cruelly beating his horse, and that he always showed the highest regard for his own magnificent steed, and gave him the most considerate attention.

Everybody knows the fact that Abraham Lincoln stopped on a campaign tour to return a little bird to its nest that had fallen out.

"Standing before you as the advocate of the lower races," said George T. Angell, "I declare, what I believe cannot be gainsaid,—that just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs and poems and literature of mercy towards the lower creatures, just so soon and so far shall we reach the roots not only of cruelty, but of crime. It is clear that we want to protect dumb animals, that cannot testify, we must have something that will reach into the brick-yard—and there is only one thing that will do it—and that is humane education—humane education of the children all over this country—humane education of the parents through the children."

All honor, therefore, to the organization that has done so much in our own country, and in countries across the sea, for the comfort of the lower orders of life, and for the advanced morals of men.

This organization, as I understand, is today sending broadcast a literature that cultivates humanity in the hearts of children, and develops tenderness and kindness in the treatment of all living beings.

It is offering medals and prizes for conspicuous acts of humanity toward the dumb creatures. It is bringing together the great body of humanitarians the world over that they may co-operate for the removal of the sufferings of the brute creation, and for the steady advance of civilization.

All honor to the humane society, organized and incorporated for the prevention of cruelty to animals! It endeavors to induce men, women and children to become more humane, to appreciate the intelligence of animals, to stop the beating, overloading and underfeeding of suffering horses, to introduce drinking fountains, better roads, better methods for transportation of cattle, to induce boys not to molest birds' nests, to teach kindness, and to cultivate in mankind the spirit that will put an end to all forms of cruelty.

It is a work that should appeal to every man, woman and child. There is no nobler charity, none that touches a tenderer chord in the heart of humanity."

I close with Longfellow's tribute to Henry Bergh, the fellow pioneer of George Thorndike Angell in this great work on our continent:

"Among the noblest of the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere,
Who, without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand,
The friend of every friendless beast."

Cyrus Richardson.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the First Sixteen Centuries of the Christian Era

XIV.

(Hildebrand 1020(?)-1085 Gregory VII.)

"A Great Politician."

Mrs. James P. Gardner, Leader

I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile. —*Hildebrand.*

Our lesson today takes us into the eleventh century at a time when conditions, politically and religiously, were exceedingly bad. The central sovereignty of Charlemagne had dissolved, being replaced by the feudalism of Europe, of which there remains traces today. For two hundred years the church and state grew more and more corrupt, laity and clergy were equally wicked. The clergy had never been more ignorant, more sensual, nor more worldly. The feudal nobility had all these vices and were in addition bandits and robbers. The monasteries, which had been enormously enriched by princes and barons, who owned with the clergy half the land of Europe and more than half its silver and gold, now sought freedom from all episcopal jurisdiction. The chief characteristics of the monks were idleness and gluttony. They neglected the rules of their orders and spent their time in the chase or in brothels. The condition of the secular clergy was no better. Bishoprics and benefices were bought and sold, canons trodden under foot, old customs laid aside. Boys were made archbishops and the worst crimes were pardoned for money. At no period of papal history had the popes been so worthless and incompetent, so occupied in pleasure and pomp. Two had been murdered, five were driven into exile and four were deposed. Some had obtained their office by force and some by money. John X commanded an army in person. John XI died in a fit of debauchery. John XII was murdered by an infamous woman. Benedict IX was driven from the throne by robbery and murder and Gregory VI bought the papal dignity.

Wickedness and corruption were not confined to the nominally religious classes. All classes of laymen were forlorn and wretched. Baronial and feudal power was gaining over the spiritual, but the one was not much better than the other.

Some improvement took place during the reign of Henry III of Germany. He ruled the Roman court with justice, rigor and good sense. No German ruler had ever been so absolute. He started a reformation in the church, convicted Gregory VI of the guilt of simony and placed a German ecclesiastic in the chair of St. Peter, Clement II. His absolutism, however, alarmed the Germans as well as Italians and a reaction set in.

The Pope of Rome claimed to rule what was called the "Holy Roman Empire." The King or Emperor claimed that he must give final consent to whatever the Pope wanted to do and the conflict raged as to

which was to be the final arbiter of the world, church or state.

Hildebrand was born about 1020 in Sienna, Southwestern Italy, and was the son of a carpenter. He was sent to Rome to be educated, and because his uncle was a monk entered the monastery at Cluny. Here he came under the influence of a reformation in monastic life which gradually spread throughout the whole church.

When Henry III appointed Leo IX Pope in 1048, Hildebrand, who had known Leo as Bishop of Toul, reproached him for having accepted his office from the hands of the king, and advised him to guard ecclesiatical liberty by being canonically elected at Rome. This he agreed to do and with Hildebrand made a pilgrimage to Rome, where "his election was solemnly renewed by the Roman clergy and people." Thus the first blow was given to the power of the Emperor.

Hildebrand was at once given a position of trust, and from this time on for twenty-five years was the ruling spirit of the Roman court, not seen but known to be powerful.

At the death of Pope Alexander II, on the 22nd of April, 1073, Hildebrand was elected Pope and took the name of Gregory VII. This he protested was much against his will, and notified the King, Henry IV, who had succeeded his father, of what had been done, and he, the politic one, begged the King not to confirm the election, saying:

> "I have been elected by the people but against my own will. I would not, however, allow myself to be forced to take priest's orders until my election should have been ratified by the King and Princes of Germany." Henry was pleased with this speech and allowed the consecration to go on.

This is the last instance of a papal election being ratified by an Emperor.

Now Hildebrand determined to bring about the two measures for which he had been working all these years—the reformation of the clergy and the establishment of papal supremacy. Celibacy was a strong point in monasticism. Many of the priests had married. Gregory set his face against this, assembled a council and caused it to pass canons to the effect that married priests should not perform any clerical office, that the people should not attend mass celebrated by them and that they must put away their wives. This caused terrible commotion and opposition, especially in Germany. But Gregory had the strong weapons of excommunication to hurl at the transgressors. By threats and awful denunciations the poor priests were silenced and the rules enforced. Simony, the sale of ecclesiastical benefices, was another alarming evil not easily coped with. It was a source of royal and baronial revenue. Bishoprics once conferred only as a reward of wisdom and piety, had become prizes for the rapacious and ambitious. Even the ring and crozier, emblems of spiritual authority, once received at the hands of the dignitaries of the church alone, were now bestowed by the temporal sovereign, who claimed thereby the loyalty and allegiance of the recipients. So long as bishoprics and abbacies were the gifts of kings, the papal power was weakened in its most vital spot. Up to this time prince and pope had played into each other's hands, but Gregory saw that one or the other must have supreme authority and he resolved that it should be the church. To make the Pope the actual ruler of the world was his aim. He called another Council and forbade the investitures of popes, threatening any culprit with eternal fire who should take his office from the hands of a prince.

In this fight for supremacy between church and state, the state was represented by Henry IV of Germany, a young man of twenty-three. His kingdom was torn by rebellion, the Saxons had broken down certain military defenses and a Cologne mob had driven an insolent bishop away. The Pope sided with the insurgents and summoned Henry to Rome. The angered Henry assembled a council of German bishops at Worms, who denounced the Pope as a usurper and pronounced upon him the empty sentence of deposition. The Pope replied to this by ascending the throne of the Vatican and wielding his favorite weapon of excommunication, the last sentence of which read:

> In the name of the Omnipotent God,—Father, Son and Holy Ghost,—by my authority and power, I prohibit King Henry, who with unheard-of pride has raised himself against your Church, from governing the kingdoms of Germany and Italy; I absolve all Christians from the oath they have taken to him, and I forbid all men to yield to him that service which is due unto a king. Finally, I bind him with the bonds of anathema, that all people may know that thou art Peter, and that upon thee the Son of God hath built His Church, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail.

This resulted in desolation and misery indescribable. Henry, regarded as justly condemned, was helpless. He was undoubtedly a great man, but he had to yield to resistless necessity. At Canossa, when refused audience by Hildebrand, he stood in the snow, bareheaded and barefooted for three days before he was granted absolution. He did not remain submissive. In 1084 he rallied his forces against Hildebrand and drove him into exile, where he died prematurely, vowing with his last breath, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile."

Both sides in this conflict had given up something before the question was settled in 1122, but the church less than the state. It had established the right of the church to rule and had fastened on the clergy the rule which obtains to this day.

We believe with Hildebrand that we have an organized something that we call the Church that has in charge the everlasting well-being of human souls, and that because it is building for eternity it is unlike all other organizations. We must remember that he lived before the birth of the ideas of republicanism or individual responsiblity. In his thought some kind of monarchical authority from the outside was necessary.

Hildebrand was infatuated with a great dream that all the world should live together under the domination of moral and spiritual law, and that is the dream of the Catholic Church. We know that the claims to domination of both Henry IV and Hildebrand were non-democratic and ignored entirely the first postulate of government,—the consent of the governed, but of the two we would accept the authority of Hildebrand.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Give dates of Hildebrand.
(2) What were his two ambitions for the Church?
(3) What German Emperor was opposed to him?
(4) Give outline of struggle.
(5) What was the moral condition of the clergy at this period?

The things in which we are all alike are so much bigger than the things in which we are different.—*Henry Sydnor Harrison (V. V.'s Eyes).*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

As reported by the Department of Surveys and Exhibits of the Russell Sage Foundation.

That at least half of the accidents in Springfield, fatal and otherwise, could be averted is the claim of the Springfield Survey report on industrial conditions. The responsibility is four-fold—not alone the state, but employers and employes and the general public in other ways than through state action have opportunity and responsibility in reducing accidents to the minimum. And with rare exceptions all have failed in Springfield.

"Provision of thoroughly safe working conditions . . . is so necessary that it should be taken for granted in the same way that offices and work shops are expected to be kept warm enough for reasonable comfort while people are at work in them. The co-operation of labor organizations and of civic bodies may also be expected in educational efforts for safety. It is a pleasure to record that in a number of respects one Springfield factory had gone considerably beyond the law in its safety provisions and is thus setting an example for others."

The success of the "safety first" movement elsewhere prompts the suggestion among others that "a safety first committee of the Commercial Association, by securing experts to speak before the association, by aiding employers with information, by preparing danger cards for use by employers in hazardous places, and by conducting general publicity campaigns on accident prevention, could help substantially in lowering the accident dangers."

But to meet the special responsibility which after all rests upon the individual employer, the following suggestions are offered:

"The study of accident prevention methods already worked out—particularly those made use of in similar lines of business.

"The inspection of premises periodically with a view to discovering dangerous conditions.

"The encouragement of employes in reporting such conditions. In larger shops safety committees among workers have proved of value.

"The removal of all dangerous conditions, as far as possible.

"Where such conditions are inherent in industrial processes all employes, particularly new men, should be given detailed instructions regarding the conditions and warning signs should be posted in dangerous places.

"Endeavor should be made continually to impress upon employes the need for caution and the use of safety devices insisted upon.

"Effective safety work by employers and reorganized and improved state supervisory service should be demanded by the people of the community."

FIRE HAZARD.

"Fire hazard in industrial establishments arises from one or more of three conditions:

(a) Neglect to eliminate possible sources of the start or spread of fires;

(b) Neglect to provide adequate fire fighting facilities; and

(c) Neglect to provide adequate means of egress for workers.

"Some of the factories visited in Springfield showed efforts to minimize fire hazards; in others, however, no such efforts were apparent. One large establishment at the time of the survey investigations was strewn with boxes, excelsior and other waste, thus greatly increasing the fire risk, while signs prohibiting smoking for the most part were conspicuously absent from all establishments. Similarly, fire buckets, hose, extinguishers and other fire fighting apparatus were not found in a number of establishments inspected, though a few had installed sprinkler systems or provided fire fighting apparatus of other sorts."

Egress facilities were "insufficient" in two of the inspected factories. "From the two top stories of one four-story brick building, entirely of wood construction within, the only means of egress was down a flight of wooden stairs or down an elevator with an open shaft, both situated close together."

In the second establishment "even under ordinary conditions when workers pass out the congestion is so great that the management lets women go first before ringing the closing bell for male employes. While the factory is protected from spread of fire by an automatic sprinkler system the danger of panic is great and it is entirely possible that escape down the stairway might be cut off. And panic even in cases where the buildings are low is one of the most deadly factors in fire hazards. The only fire escapes on the building were antiquated ladders without platforms which did not reach nearer than twelve feet of the ground and which could be almost useless in case of fire. A modern stair fire-escape at the end of each wing of the building is clearly needed."

PUBLIC REGULATION.

Governmental regulation can hardly be given credit for "the fact that fire hazard is not greater in Springfield." En-

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forcement of one state law applying to the matter rests upon "the sheriff and the grand jury, neither of whom ever inspects factories. Moreover, the local government, as far as we were able to learn, had never determined the type of fire escapes which would be acceptable and safe."

A second statute "provides that all factories, mercantile establishments, mills and workshops must (a) have 'sufficient and reasonable means of escape' in case of fire; and (b) if the establishments occupy buildings two or more stories high all doors must open outward. This law is enforced by the state factory inspection department and it periodically inspects the establishments to which the law relates. The provision for 'sufficient and reasonable means of escape,' however, allows too much room for disagreement over personal interpretations to permit effective enforcement, though by the exercise of tact inspectors are doubtless able to accomplish considerable."

The new commission government charter wiped out the positions of chairman of the committees on fire and water and on public grounds and buildings, who were charged with enforcing a city ordinance regarding fire escapes on buildings used for manufacturing purposes. "Under the new commission government charter the last named positions no longer exist. Enforcement of this ordinance is now in the hands of the police, which, until the police in general (and in Springfield in particular) take a broader view as to what constitutes their work, means no enforcement at all. It is safe to say that neither this ordinance nor the state law, which is supposed to be enforced by the sheriff has, at least up to the time of the survey, ever resulted in the erection of a single fire escape on a Springfield factory."

AMERICAN UNION AGAINST MILITARISM.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the above organization in New York City, the following rough draft of resolutions was offered to the platform committees of the National Parties.

We are opposed to the principles and practices of Militarism because they threaten the institutions essential to Democracy.

Therefore: We oppose Federal pay for the National Guard, which would create an enormous political machine in this country with military traditions and military power.

We are opposed to compulsory military service in times of peace as a dangerous invasion of civil rights; we stand for a Navy for defense only (submarines, mines and aeroplanes in reasonable number) and oppose the building of more dreadnaughts and cruisers designed to support the imperialistic ambitions of exploiting interests rather than to protect our own shores.

We stand for Democracy in our own country and for the hope of Democracy throughout the world, and we believe that a great program of military and naval preparations on our part, which the monarchs of Europe can point out to their people as a menace, will strengthen those governments to resist and destroy the new impulse toward Democracy which we believe will follow this war in Europe.

We declare our belief in the practical possibility of World Federation, and would pledge America's service to that end.

Meanwhile we emphasize the importance of putting into immediate practice the principle of international action for the solution of international difficulties, and therefore go on record for:

1. Conference of neutrals over invasion of common rights.
2. International Commission for Oriental difficulties.
3. Pan-American co-operation in solving the problem of Mexico.

The secretary reported:

With Regard to Political Conventions: Chicago and St. Louis have both agreed to take the exhibit for the political conventions, furnishing a store, and meeting all local expenses on the understanding that the American Union will furnish the exhibit, pay shipping charges and supply one experienced manager. Our present plan is to send Miss Pauline Angell who has given most able volunteer service in connection with the exhibit in New York and Brooklyn, and who is the best informed and most effective street speaker on the subject that I know of in New York. It will probably be necessary for Mr. Hallinan and me to go to Chicago and St. Louis also in order to make the most of our opportunities.

Regarding Memorial Day: Mr. Hallinan will report on his plans for publicity in which I heartily concur. Dr. John Haynes Holmes has agreed to make the vision of the nation-wide mourning day the theme of his ten-minutes' address to the Biennial. This will give us the right background for launching the publicity. Mr. Fuller wires that Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago are enthusiastic about this national day of mourning.

Concerning Reproductions of Exhibit Panels and Cartoons for Sale to Local Peace Groups: Estimates are being secured for this work, and a careful selection of the best panels and cartoons is being made. The contract will probably be given this week. Our inquiries thus far lead us to believe that we shall be able to furnish twenty-five panels and ten cartoons for $5 in addition to the express charges. Mrs. Warbasse has agreed to the plan of putting $600 directly into the plan of reproduction and reserving $400 to pay for the executive work, advertising and correspondence essential to the enterprise. I have therefore taken two small offices at 70 Fifth avenue for the month of June and employed an assistant and a stenographer for this work. The cost of this equipment, at least for June, is to come out of Mrs. Warbasse's special fund.

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